

Comfort by finnxwheeler

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Summary:

Mike suffers a terrible nightmare about Will during one of their sleepovers.

Comfort

Author's Note:

Based on a prompt request I received on Tumblr!

Everything was black. Dark. Nothing. That's how Mike knew that it was a dream.

Or, at least, that's what he hoped. He'd been calling out for Will in that black void, but to no avail. Whatever had come along and taken him had done so too quickly for Mike to even really process. Mike began to scream, hoping to at least hear an echo, but there was still absolutely nothing. He called for his best friend until he was hoarse, screamed until his voice gave out entirely, and that is when Will finally appeared. Only he wasn't moving and he looked a lot paler than he usually did. Slowly, Mike took a few steps toward the small boy, swallowing thickly as his heart beat rapidly in his chest. He looked down into Will's face, and realized at once that he was dead. Mike began to cry, and then the slug started slithering out of Will's mouth—

Mike woke with a start. He began yelling Will's name repeatedly, sitting up in bed as tears rolling down his cheeks. He was trembling, panting as he scrambled out of bed once he got his bearings. He had to check the top bunk to make sure that Will was still sleeping up there. Will had stayed that night, and was supposed to be sleeping above Mike—only, he wasn't there. The bed was completely empty with no sign of Will anywhere, the blankets tossed to one side as if he'd apparently gotten up—or, as Mike seemed to believe, was taken. Mike's bedroom door was also standing slightly ajar, and he knew that he'd closed it completely before he and Will went to bed earlier. Mike's knees threatened to fail him, so he sat on the edge of his bed before he could fall.

"Will?" Mike tried calling again. "Will?!"

Still nothing.

Mike curled up on his bed, whimpering softly as more tears

threatened to spill. Mike closed his eyes as the harsh reality began to hit him: Something had happened to Will while Mike had slept, and now Will was gone. This time, it was entirely Mike's fault. Whatever had come in and snatched Will had done so as Mike dozed below him. Why did Mike have to be such a heavy sleeper? If he hadn't been, he would have been able to save Will from whatever came in and took him away. Mike would have happily gone in Will's place, in a heartbeat. For a brief moment he imagines Will, calling out for Mike and screaming for Mike to help him, but Mike being unable to hear him. It makes Mike feel absolutely sick to even think about.

Mike was pulled out of his thoughts when he heard footsteps coming down the hallway. He held his breath, wondering if he'd woken his parents or Nancy with his yelling. He braced himself to be scolded as the door began to open further, but it was neither Nancy or his parents.

It was Will.

Mike cried out in relief as he jumped up from the bed, rushing at a confused Will as Mike took the smaller male in his arms. The adrenaline rush allowed Mike to pick Will up, spinning him around in a circle as he laughed joyously. Will was giggling as well, but it wasn't as gleeful as Mike's and was mostly full of worry and confusion. Mike sat Will back down on the ground, looking at him with a shaky, faltering smile. Then, he burst into tears.

"Mike?" Will asked, concern flooding his voice. "Hey...Hey, what's wrong?"

Mike nearly collapsed from relief, with Will holding him up to keep him from falling over. Mike leaned against Will's chest, the shorter boy hugging him tightly as Mike's frame shook with his weeps.

"I th-thought you w-were g-g-gone!" Mike exclaimed between sobs. "I had...had a n-nightmare that you were taken away and y-you were d-d-dead!"

"Shh, no," Will soothed gently. "No, Mikey. I was only in the bathroom for a minute. I drank a little too much water before bed, that's all."

The use of Will's usual nickname did nothing to set Mike at ease, for once. Mike sniffled, his face pressed against Will's shoulder. He repeats, "Dead. You were dead."

"And it was only a bad dream," Will assured. "I'm here. I'm okay. I swear. Now, come on. Let's get you on the bed before you fall. I'm not strong enough to hold you up."

Mike nodded slightly, allowing Will to lead him to the lower bunk. Will sat next to Mike once the dark haired boy was seated, putting an arm around him as Mike rested his head on Will's shoulder. Will began to hum *My Girl*, a song which Will repeatedly sang to Mike over the last couple of months. He would always change "my girl" to "Mikey," and Mike would blush every single time. Now was no exception, even if Will wasn't actually singing it this time around. Mike began to calm somewhat, but his nerves were still very much on edge. He's also still crying a little, trying to stifle his tears but being unable.

"Will," Mike said softly after a moment. "I really...I thought...When I woke up and you weren't here, I...I don't..."

"Mike shh," Will soothed tenderly. "It's okay."

"N-No, it isn't!" Mike cried, his lower lip beginning to quiver. "I thought you were back in...in the Upside Down, or worse! Will, if something happened to you again, I would go crazy. You're back and you're alright, though. I mean, like fully alright. Aren't you?"

Will, remembering the slugs he'd been coughing up since his return, only nodded weakly. Now was definitely not the time to confess to Mike what was happening, even though it pained Will to have to lie. It made him feel briefly ill, lying to the boy that he loved like that.

"But even still," Mike continued, "I worry a lot about you. I've lost sleep sometimes, scared and wondering if you're still here and okay. I can barely function sometimes. I..."

Will frowned, glancing down at Mike. His eyes were cast to the floor, and was crying again. Will couldn't resist, reaching down to tilt Mike's chin up so that the taller boy was looking directly at him.

Mike's eyes were swimming with tears, his freckled cheeks flushed and wet with tears he'd already shed. Will tenderly began wiping those tears away, stroking Mike's cheeks delicately with his thumbs as Mike looked into Will's eyes. Will cupped Mike's cheek, and could feel how hot Mike's skin was getting under his palm. It only took Will a moment to realize that Mike was blushing. Will silently removed his hand from Mike's face, looking down with a soft blush of his own. But, to Will's surprise, Mike took Will's hand and put it back in place, laying his hand over Will's. Mike's eyes close with a sigh, relishing in the smaller boy's comforting touch.

"I'm never gonna leave you again, Mikey," Will murmured. "Do you hear me? As long as I get a say, I'll always be right here."

"But...Wh-What if you don't get a say?" Mike asked fearfully. "Will. Will..."

Will shushed him gently, pulling Mike against his side even tighter. He pressed a kiss to Mike's hair, and began to sing:

I've got sunshine

On a cloudy day...

Mike sniffled again, but he was beginning to chuckle. Will took it as a good sign, and continued:

...Well, I guess you'll say

What can make me feel this way?

Mikey.

Talkin' 'bout Mikey...

Mike was laughing, his tears ceasing as his eyes stayed glued to Will. There was a bit of joy trying to surface in Mike's sad chocolate eyes, and this only drove Will to keep singing:

...I don't need no money,

Fortune or fame.

I've got all the riches, baby

One man can claim...

Mike's face lit up and he was beaming up at Will now. Will was grinning as well, his heart swelling with happiness over the fact that Mike was seemingly starting to feel better. He cupped Mike's face again, leaning down to press a quick kiss to Mike's lips. As usual, both boys' cheeks flushed pink, with Will giggling and Mike clearing his throat as he grinned. Will brushed some hair out of Mike's eyes, pressing a kiss to each tear-stained, freckled cheek before attempting to stand.

"Wait!" Mike said desperately, grabbing Will's arm to hold him in place. "Can...I mean, can you sleep in my bed? With me? It's just...I don't...I..."

Will bent down to kiss Mike again, shaking his head with a smile as he pulled back. "Mikey, you don't have to explain. Of course I'll sleep here with you. I don't want to leave your side for even a minute."

"Really?" Mike asked, another grin forming over his lips.

"Really," Will echoed. "I promise."

Mike's grin widened before he bit his lip. "Could you maybe read to me? It may help distract me enough so that I'll be able to fall asleep again. My copy of The Hobbit is over on my desk."

Will's eyes trailed to Mike's desk, seeing the book sitting atop a stack of other various books. He quickly moved to retrieve it, not wanting to be away from Mike longer than he absolutely had to be. When he turned around, Mike was already back in bed with the blankets pulled up to his chin. Will couldn't help but smile at the sight, climbing in next to his best friend at once. Mike immediately linked his arm with Will's, resting his head on the smaller male's shoulder as Will got comfortable. Mike still had the blankets pulled to his chin, and Will couldn't help but notice how adorable he looked. He opened the book, and began to read.

"Do the voices," Mike interjected after Will read the first sentence. "I

love it when you do the different voices!"

Will nodded, kissing Mike's temple and laying his cheek against the top of Mike's head as he continued to read. He did the voices as Mike requested, doing Bilbo's, Gandalf's, and the dwarves' voices in the way that Mike had always enjoyed. When Mike was no longer laughing and was instead snoring lightly, Will closed the book and set it on Mike's bedside table. He hoped that he hadn't disturbed Mike by moving and when he saw that he hadn't, Will resumed his earlier position. He laid his head against the brunet's, holding him tightly as sleep decided to return for him, too.

Will Byers dreamed of his future with Mike Wheeler that night, of them attending college together and just being happy. There was no Upside Down, or Demogorgon, or weird slugs coming out of Will's body. It was just him and Mike, joyous and carefree. Little did Will know, but Mike was also dreaming of the same thing. He had a smile on his sleeping lips, his face peaceful in expression.

The nightmare that had plagued him was now only a distant, unpleasant memory.